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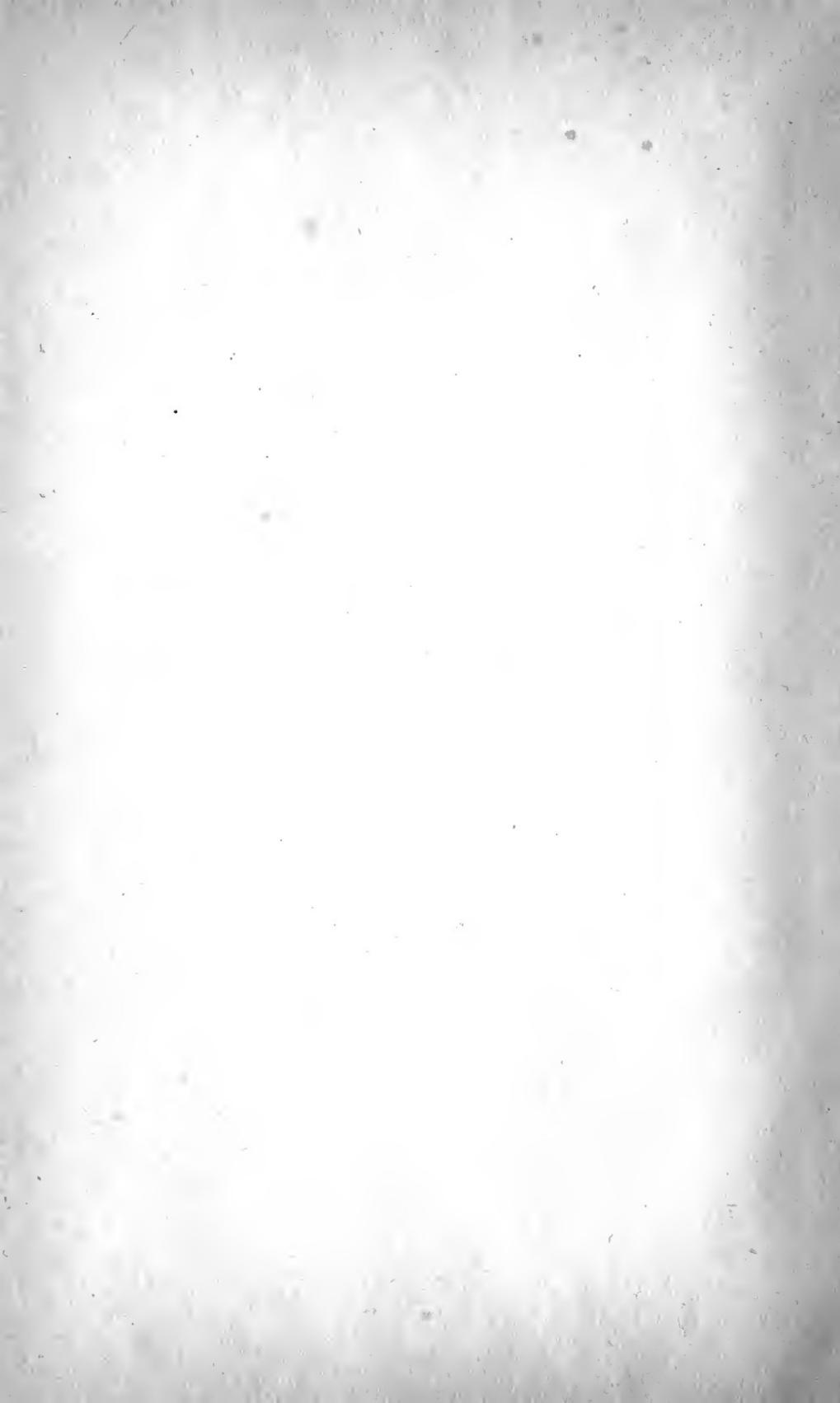
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VERSES



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RICHARD FENWICK ELY



1874 - 1920

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Foreword



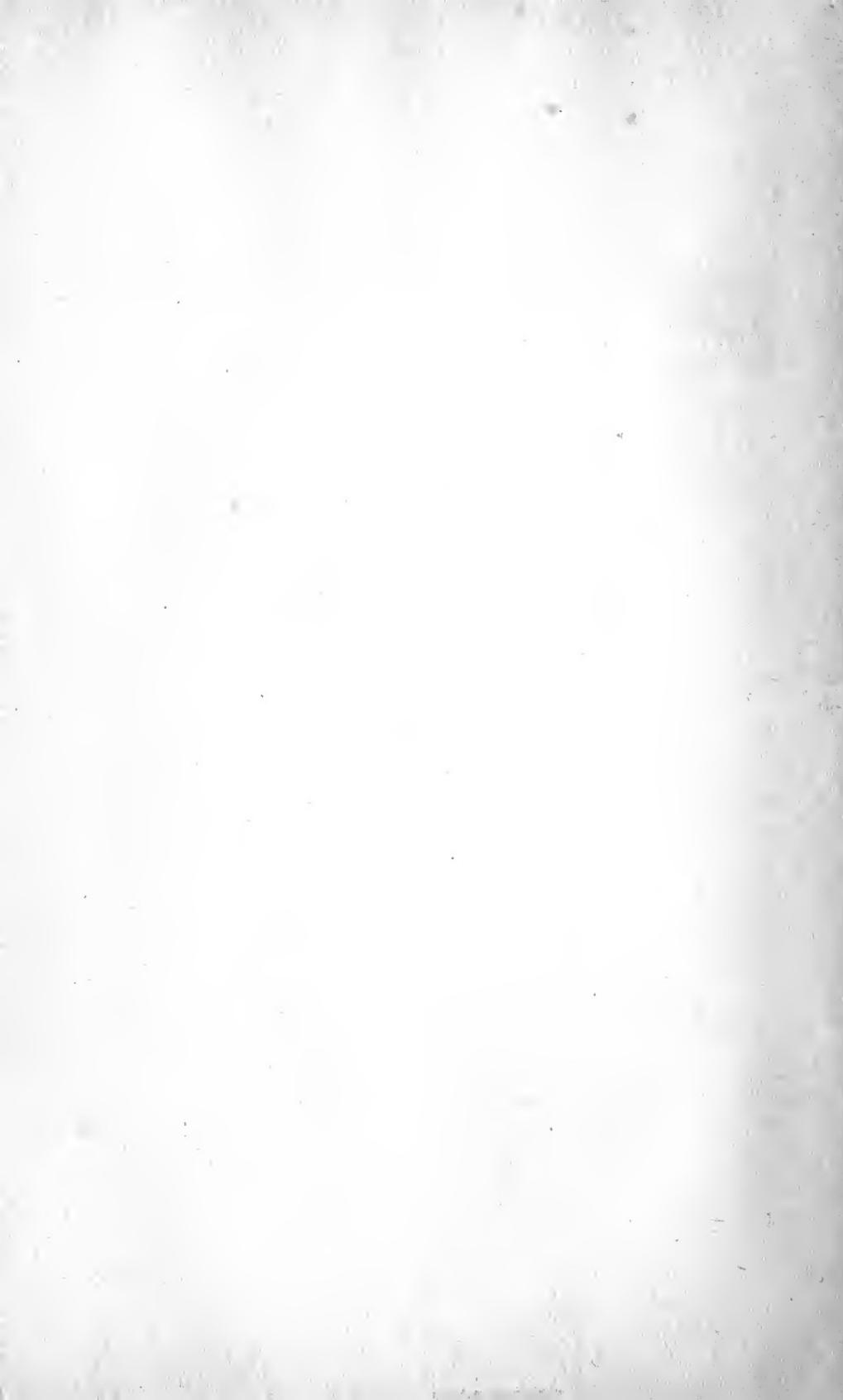
N MAKING this collection for private circulation only, of Dick's rhymes, jingles, and poems written in boyhood, at college, and in after life, it has been my wish to preserve his personality. To show his versatility I have included all the manuscripts that have come to light, even his earliest efforts, but unfortunately many I know of have been lost, as he never thought them worthy of preservation, and it has been only through friends and in hunting over old papers that I have found these few.

It is not for a critical public nor for the intrinsic merit of the verses themselves that I now print them, but for all those who loved Dick, his many sides and all his varied moods.

To them I dedicate this little volume in loving memory of a dear brother.

M. E. G.

December, 1922.



HYPATIA

 WHILE Alexandria's youth thronged your
broad halls,
And listened to your beauty, not your words—
While you, aflame with your own eloquence,
Swaying like fir trees on Olympus' top,
Each atom of your being in tension set,
Poured forth such burning, winged words,
That e'en great Jove might well have wondered at
your mortal tongue,
And bowed his head to listen.
But alas! Alas, for Plato and his school!
Your crumbling creed, your sophistry too cold for
mortal hearts
Was doomed to perish;
For a light divine had shone
Abroad into the clouded world,
Tossed here and there amid decaying myths,
And now the Son of God had swept before him, in his
onward course,
Your trite philosophy.
Henceforth, forever, will the hearts of men be touched.

Yale.
1904.

GRETNA GREEN



ANS are fluttering, candles sputtering
In the old baronial hall,
Mirth and gladness, frolic, madness,
Mingled in the hearts of all.

He beside her, lovely Ida,
Whom her father will not yield,
Hair entangled, dress bespangled,
With the flowers of the field.

Gently blushing, cheeks are flushing
At the words the maiden hears,
Eyelids lower, voice is slower,
“I will do it though with tears.”

I will grieve him if I leave him,
For he is my father still,
But I’d stay not, though I may not,
Like to wed against his will.

They are slipping, gently tripping,
To the gate to hasten forth,
No more dancing, horses prancing,
As they gallop towards the North.

On the border, where marauder
Fights against his English foe,
Nuptials ended, two souls blended,
By an “I will” murmured low.

Sire relenting, then consenting
To receive the bridal pair,
Wine they’re bringing and they’re singing
Praise to “Gretna Green” so fair.

'TIS VERILY A NEW YORK GIRL



HEN the fair Grace, in modern time,
Who o'er sweet beauty doth preside,
'Twixt fairest ones of every clime
Was called upon to swift decide,
Who then does victory's flag unfurl?
'Tis verily a New York girl!

Who owns that lofty brow so fair,
And that sweet voice that ne'er did chide?
Who has such beauteous golden hair,
That a proud princess might well pride?
Who wears the dainty little curl?
'Tis verily a New York girl!

Whose carmine lips are, Oh so sweet,
That I would press them every day?
Whose azure eyes are the bright seat
In which quick flashes softly play?
Who has each tooth like a white pearl?
'Tis verily a New York girl!

Of whom do I most fondly think
For her great beauty, love and grace?
Whose health do I most often drink
When I've been merry for a space?
Who with me in the dance doth whirl?
'Tis verily a New York girl!

By whom is my poor heart enchanted
With fetters stronger than of steel?
Who has at times a coldness feigned
And left me bitter pangs to feel?
Who from my heart all else doth hurl?
'Tis verily a New York girl!

THE LOBSTER AND THE CRAB



AID the Lobster to the Crab,
 “O, wilt marry me?”
Said the Crab unto the Lobster—
 “Yea! When shall the wedding be?”

“To-morrow night at sunset
 Or the day after at noon,
Or we'll agree upon a day,
 If that should be too soon.”

The wedding night arrived,
 The guests they all were there,
Except a Clam who could not come,
 Not having brushed his hair.

They all were having a glorious time,
 When there came along a coon,
Who ate up every one of them,
 By the glimmering of the moon.

1888

TIME HEALETH

* * * * *



H WELL, time healeth much they
say,
Perchance he'll heal my heart some
day.

Would I might need no other balm,
Save my sweet lady's many a charm.

But maids indeed are fickle I wot,
This one I fear poor me loves not.
Whenever she weds, well I'll not chide,
I'll tread a measure with the bride.

1890.



FAREWELL

I.

AREWELL to the sun and the whispering
breeze;
Farewell to the shadows that dance in the
trees;
Farewell to the greensward that echoed so long
In the hoofbeat of ponies all galloping strong.

II.

Farewell to the smell of our saddles when wet,
A perfume whose equal I've never found yet;
Farewell to the mallets that kissed with delight
The white dancing ball as it sped in its flight.

III.

Farewell to our bits and farewell to our spurs;
Farewell to our bridles; farewell to our burrs;
Farewell to the risk and the joy of the game,
To the woe of defeat and to victory's flame.

IV.

Farewell to the ponies we never shall sell,
Through the long northern winter may they fare but
well.
In loose box and paddock perhaps they will dream
Of the games they have played each visiting team.

V.

There's "Snip" and there's "Mustard" and "Martin"
and "Jim"
And "Redbird" and "Bluebird" and "Polly" so trim;
Ray's mare and the Eel, who was off at the fore,
"Mike," "Billy" and "Davey" and lots of them more.

VI.

And lots of farewells and the hardest by far,
To the "Knights of the Pigskin" wherever they are.
To "Walter," "Hugh," "Philip," to "Sam" and to
"Ray,"
To "Rusty" and "Douglas" and "Jack" and Paul
Ney.

* * * * *

A health to them all, they're the best of their kind,
Truer hearts, keener sportsmen I never shall find.
Come, gentlemen all! For pray you fill up,
And we'll drink ere we part, just one stirrup cup
To friendship! To horses! And then to "the game"!

Hartford,
Nov. 29, 1905.

TRIBUTE FROM A GUEST



ITH its swinging sign near the shore it stands,
Vine clad and filled with cheer:
'Tis a place to laze through the golden days,
With a sunlit ocean near;
Then "good by" to care, for the spot is rare,
And we'll thank kind fate we're here.

Spring and Summer and Autumn, too,
Each season its own charm brings,
Shall we join the throng as they pass along,
Or simply muse on things?
For there is much to do for me and you,
And the fair days may take wings.

But what care we for the whistling wind,
And the breakers' deep-mouthed din?
'Tis a safe retreat from the fierce rain beat,
When the roaring storms begin.
For the log burns bright on the hearth tonight,
And we'll "take our ease in our Inn."

October 15, 1909.
Green Inn,
Narragansett Pier, R. I.



VIRGINIA

V—ery beauteous are her tresses,
I—n the golden sunlight shining,
R—ound me weaving silken meshes,
G—olden bonds of love entwining.
I—n my heart are quite a number,
N—ot a *single* Cupid's dart;
I—t will soon be rent asunder,
A—nd she'll hold the largest part.

To V. L.
1889

HARMONY

H—air like the nymphs of Diana's train,
A—nd eyes that flash with a siren's flame:
R—oses her cheeks, the pink la France;
M—outh like a ripple and teeth that dance,
O—h to love her needs but one short glance.
N—ever more charms were in maid combined,
Y—et all in HARMONY you will find.

To H. T.
1895

A REVERIE—NEWPORT HARBOR

I.

 WAS Newport Harbor, when the sun had set,
And in his place the soft and silvery moon
Came stealing like the fancy of a dream
And scattered silver broadcast o'er the deep,
And threw her glinting beams athwart the spire
Which bears the golden crown upon its peak,
And tells the tale to freedom's children all,
How kings once reigned o'er this fair land of ours.

II.

'Twas Newport Harbor and the moon her beams
Sent slanting on the fort and out beyond,
Where, clinging on Conanicut's bold shore,
The ruined Dumplings tell of wars long past
And bid us mark the bold, long strides of Mars,
Who's worthless made such strongholds long ere this.

III.

In Newport Harbor lay the silent yachts,
Like the white sea gulls resting on the deep,
With folded wings and closed and slumbering eyes;
Poor birds, which wander o'er the heaving sea.
The yachts lay silent, swinging gently round,
Lapped by the wavelets of the rising tide;
And scarce a sound was heard o'er the broad bay
Save when a solitary bark—the wind
Scarce bellying out her full set cloudy sails—
Rounded the fort upon the starboard tack
And, with her canvas whitened by the moon,
Hove to the wind and let her anchor go.

IV.

And sometimes would a light and well manned gig,
Filled with gay revellers from the historic town,
Dart 'cross the dazzling pathway of the moon
And run alongside some white sleeping craft,
As gondolas upon the grand canal
Skim o'er its surface on their homeward way,
With song and melody of sweet guitar.
'Twas Newport Harbor, hushed in calm repose,
But who by chance on deck could help but feel
The subtle influence of an August night?

1902
Yale

ST. MARK'S—

I.



HERE is a bully tutor here,
Of ancient bonnie race,
Whose words and actions very queer
Are sadly out of place.

II.

Of course, we have our duckfoot brave,
Our calf of bleatings full,
And even if the wolf do rave,
'Tis naught to bellowing bull.

III.

This ponderous worthy's known to you,
A kicker like a mule,
We mark his presence with a *Mouse!*
And Bull *he* marks the school.

1889

THE “UPPER SIDE”

I.



WILL sing of the upper side,
And tell you now in numbers rare
What woes our dwelling oft betide,
And lamentations rent the air!

II.

Names first I'll mention in my tale,
And mind that you do mark me well,
Ely, Armstrong, and Chandler Hale,
In that famed, warlike room now dwell.

III.

Ely, by name of “Sol” best known,
On each sad even warrior plays;
And then amid full many a groan
His noble comrades almost slays.

IV.

Then Hale, the mighty valiant one,
Shouts out, "Old Ichabod, be still,
Enough of mischief thou hast done
To satisfy thy proud, bold will."

V.

Take off that battered "Gussie hat,"
In thy pajamas clothe thyself,
Don't break another crashing slat
Or we'll get time, you horrid elf.

VI.

Then up speaks with animation,
Armstrong—the youth who gets no time,
And in the growing altercation
His supplicating voice does chime.

VII.

"Oh! Ichabod, please go to bed
And don't raise such a fuss,
Or 'Fatted Calf' by tumults led,
Will surely jump on us."

VIII.

Simon, the crafty Greek, did e'en
The mighty Trojan race beguile;
Thus "No Times" lamentations keen
Calm'd raging "Sol" a little while.

IX.

Until disturbed by some quick leer
Which round "Null's" grinning "maw" now
came,
"Null Tem" had calmed his former fear,
His latent fury burst in flame.

X.

As the Argolic horse so famed,
Poured forth the Grecian chiefs to stay,
With many a hoarse shout Ike (so named)
Again does hasten to the fray.

XI.

Then pillows fly and slippers soar,
And slats with rending sound do break,
And then, forsooth, the quavering floor
With heavy tramplings now doth quake.

XII.

At last a crash! Then silence deep;
For lo! upon the creaking stair
The “Fatted Calf” does upward creep
From his smoke-clouded fearful lair.

XIII.

“Two hours each!” he loudly cries;
And then we crawl beneath the clothes,
Out goes the light! each placid lies
For *we* have *long since* sought repose!

Epilogue

We caught it—save “no time”
We had our fun,
Our time we have written
My tale is done.

Finis.

St. Mark's
1889

A MODERN CONQUEST



AESAR in battle won the day,
And, as the ancient writers say,
Like many later men of note,
His "Veni, vidi, vici" wrote.

I went to battle—a tea-fight,
And there Diana met my sight,
With hat and gown quite "comme il faut"
In Empire style of long ago.

Roses were there, and melody,
But naught as fair or sweet as she.
To tell the truth no harm can bring,
Diana put me on the string.

To thee, sweet Di, this very night,
Whate'er you think of me, I'll write
With heart athrob and eyes—yes, misty,
"Veni, vidi, sed vicisti."

1892.

THE GAITS BUT NOT THE GATE



ULLABY

IFTEEN two or a shade beneath;
A coat that shone like a bay tree leaf.
The darkest of chestnuts, almost brown,
Manners like those of a lady from town.
Quality, smoothness, mouth just the right feel,
A beautiful topline and limbs like steel;
Long reach, sloping shoulders and quarters round,
And a gait that faded into the ground.
That was the mare.

ANITA

Just five feet nine and exceedingly lithe,
Dark hair and dark eyes and a smile so blithe;
Barely nineteen and she sways on a horse,
Light as down blown about in a zephyr's course.
Black boots and black habit—"A work of art,"
White waistcoat and broad-brimmed sailor hat smart;
Bamboo swagger stick and gloves of white buck,
With the "rail birds" wishing her all the luck.
That was the girl.

BLUE RIBBONS

Did they turn the trick? Yes, and doubly, too,
In the ladies' class she had won the "blue."
This was the "gaited," in that class till late,
I shouldn't have minded if all got the gate.
But this girl and this mare, that's another thing,
Passing them all as they swing round the ring.
The hat and the head just a bit on one side,
And a "Je ne sais quoi" little way to her ride.
Right arm hanging free and the white buck glove,
With the stick tapping out little taps of love
On the game mare's ribs, till they call her in,
Just on the headstall a ribbon to pin.
That was the "Blue."

To A. E. P.
1904

TO TERPSICHORE.



H, Muse, sweet mistress of thy antique art,
Now for us burdened mortals is it meet
Thee, fair Terpsichore, again to greet?
And in thy footsteps following glad each heart
Among us, let all have a blithesome part
In revelry; and with light footfall's beat
Keep tripping gaily on with nimble feet
'Till cross tomorrow's sky the sunbeams dart.

But come, thou laughing, gay, and heedless maid,
All life from twinkling feet to twinkling eyes,
Has treading measures too improved of late,
Or danced they better when great Orpheus played?
Do waltz and "deux-temps" thee, sweet Muse, surprise?
Say not thy art has grown degenerate!

To V. L.
1892

A DANCE



ER eyes are blue, or brown, or gray,
Her hair is—well, I will not say.

But as your fancy suits, you mould her.
His arm (I wish 'twere mine) about her waist,
One little hand upon his shoulder.

The other in his fingers close embraced,
Clasping a bunch of roses red,
Which round her their sweet fragrance shed.

While on they whirl, mid strains both soft and sweet,
Which hasten on their flying feet,
And round them madly ring,
So like the Elfin music wild,
That e'en the Elfin king
Could scarcely say 'twas false.

The strain grows mild and dies away—
It was the waltz!

1892

A QUESTION



HE "Prof" asked the student a question;
But, alas, as is sometimes the case,
There appeared just the faintest suggestion
Of dismay on that poor student's face.

The Prof sat a moment expectant;
Through the casement there stole a soft tune;
A hand organ played a delectant:
"You may ask of the Man in the Moon."

Yale
1895

ST. VALENTINE



T. VALENTINE mused and he thought
of all
The love messages borne o'er hill and
dale,

Sent safe by St. Valentine's Royal Mail,
Both to humble cottage and vaulted hall.
Then a score of cupids he straight did call
For a special route; less would not avail,
He thought, to bear the missives without fail
Of those whom the Farmington maids enthrall.

But I think St. Valentine quite forgot
One little maid, of all the most fair,
And the dearest maid there ever could be,
Else more fairy postmen he'd send, I wot;
For a score of cupids never could bear
All the love that is sent to her by me.

Yale
1893

A BALLAD OF BLOOMCROFT

Evening

 IS even and the sunset shadows steal
Across the drowsy fields and slowly creep,
Like ladened smugglers, down the mountain
side,

And weary Bloomcroft now prepares to sleep.

Stands in a shadowed recess of the barn,
The upper and perhaps the better half,
Of what was once a neatly fashioned swain,
To sell the food much sought by every calf.

Then comes a toil-grimed figure to the swain,
And nothing loathe, since other couch he lacked,
Crawls in with imprecations most profane,
You say "'Tis Ard," and 'tis but 'tis a fact.

A short space distant in a chamber neat,
The sous-officier of the French Marines
Murmurs the one word "woodchuck" in his sleep,
And dreams of apples, artichokes and beans!

Curled in a corner like a happy pair,
Of future champions in the "Hoot-Mon" set,
Each with one eye wide open for a rat,
Discoursing on the subject "Fleas we've met."

Then Bloomcroft's lady of the gracious mien,
Glides down "chez Marvin" like a setting star
And leaves her lord with eyes and notebook shut
To Morpheus and to "oiseaux de sofa."

"Deercliff"
1907

OL-O-VER



TALE is spreading, and not slow,
The truth of which we'd like to know.
You'll say it is none of our biz,
But then you know it really is
Ol-o-ver!

Who followed you through Europe and
Departed from his native land,
With heart and feelings most intense,
That his courting might commence?
Ol-o-ver!

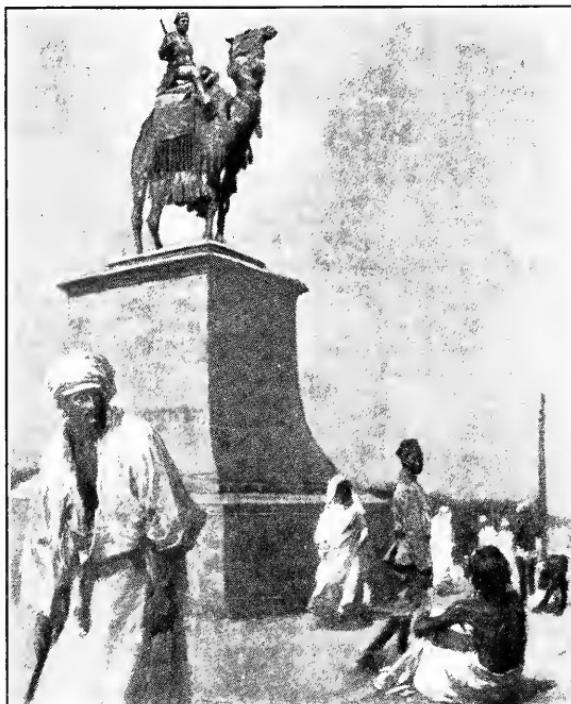
Judge Fisher, never known to quail,
Says, sinking 'neath Hungarian mail,
"On me she has imbued a pest,
These letters have to be addressed
Ol-o-ver!

And when you start a new "old home,"
From which we trust you'll never roam,
Somebody thinks, somebody tells,
That there will be electric bells,
Ol-o-ver!

Oh tell us, will you bid him stay,
Or send him "Hungary" away,
Or will you really leave this strand
To lead a small Hungarian band?
Ol-o-ver!

Now treat us not with cold disdain,
Because in rhyming we would fain
Know if to Hymen you will bow
Or if indeed it's really now
Ol-o-v-e-r?

"Deercliff"
1907



Nothing could better illustrate the magic of Gordon's influence than this incident. A native woman who had been a laundress to General Gordon was overjoyed when she saw the statue at Khartoum, but she could not understand why the figure was so motionless. She said, "Yes, it is he, but why does he sit so still? He always laughed and nodded to me before." Then she sat on the ground in front of the statue, gazing at the figure from morning till afternoon. The people laughed at her, but she sat on. At last, towards sunset, she got up suddenly and went home quite happy, for she said Gordon Pasha had smiled at her. The statue, which is a copy of the one at Chatham, is placed facing the desert, not the town, as if Gordon were still watching over the people he loved so well.

DRAWN BY GILBERT HOLIDAY

Founded on an incident illustrated and described in *The London Graphic* of Jan. 26, 1910



EATH Gordon's statue on the Libyan
sands,
Gazing upon her master's well loved
face,

A woman sat—aged she was and worn
And clothed in rags; but she had served him once
With service such as they that loved him gave,
And now she lifted up her voice and spoke:
“Yes, it is he, but why sits he so still?
“Always he laughed and salutation gave
To me, his handmaiden—why sits he thus?”

All day she lingered, crouched upon the sand,
While passed the beggar and the Bishareen,
The veiled Ahma, and the Sudanese;
And as they passed, each one with laughter mocked,
But she, unheeding, kept her vigil still.

And then, towards evening, when the dying sun
Cast purple shadows cross the wide Sudan,
Quickly she rose and homeward took her way,
Crying the while, with radiance o'er her face—
“‘Allah il Allah’ and the praise be his!
“I am content. At last the Pascha smiled!”

1910

TO MISS V. L.



LEASE pardon all the nonsense in this
letter,
For now and then I do my pen unfet-
ter,
And turning from my busy tasks awhile
In writing thee a pleasant hour beguile.
Which is indeed a happy occupation,
And one in which I find great recreation.

Jan., 1889

A DEAR OLD-FASHIONED GIRL



HEN in the turmoil and the strife
Of breaking up our summer life,
She came and sweetly took command,
We bowed us to a master hand.

No task, no toil did she disdain,
She did for Maud her sewing plain,
And furbished up old lingerie,
Had Worth and Paquin up a tree.

And when from overwork her head
Ached so she had to take to bed,
“ ‘Tis no excuse,” Maud said, “you see,
You now can have a quilting bee.”

Her only respite came when “Mike”
She mounted and rode down the pike,
And enigmatically said: “Dick,
It’s my turn, hand it over quick!”

Maud hastens off to Farmington
To put the Solons on the bum,
With her vast store of erudition,
On the political condition.

While “Jinny” with her needle still
Works on and on, alas, until
We fear the union us will fine
For letting her work overtime.

But when at last her task is done,
Full many an hour since set of sun,
Her lovely attributes unfurl,
A dear, dependable, old-fashioned girl.

To V. L.
“Deercliff,” Autumn, 1905

J. O. S.



H twenty-three, likewise skid-doo,
For you and all your ills,
A trained nurse we'll send to you,
Also a crate of pills.

For first you say that rank ptomaine
Has taken you by storm;
We rather think that harmful bane
Was drunk in liquid form.

Now if your throat is really sore,
It surely quite a plight is,
But if indeed it's something more,
Why then a tonsil-li-tis!

1911

A FRAGMENT



HEN Deercliff's wrapped in ice and
snow,
How goes the "Martingale,"
Just basking, Jack, upon your back,
Or have you hit the trail?

May Southern sunshine prove as warm
And ponies prove as sound,
As friends you've left too long adrift,
Oh, John of "Wagon Mound"!

I trust that when you read this date
There'll be for us a kindlier fate,
And that your store clothes you'll put on
And hit the trail for Avon, Conn.

We've waited, Jack, and still we wait,
Give us the chance to demonstrate
That here is HOME.

To J. O. S.
1912

SWEET MEMORIES

WEET memories of a prehistoric age,
When sylvan Pan threaded the leafy woods,
And fleet Pegasus dipped his sun-kissed
wings

In trembling, purling ripples of the font
Where kirtled dryads bathed their snowy limbs,
Their golden hair afloat, and their soft eyes
Gleaming with radiance of a thousand stars,
Plucked from the firmament, enchain'd there.
How mock the woodland nymphs each other's sport,
How ring the fairy glades with music gay;
Till, frighted by some first unheeded sound,
They start, and hie them to their virgin bowers.
Perchance Diana, huntress—chaste and fair,
Her swift low-bellied hounds keen on the scent,
Her maidens at her heels and following fast,
Their bosoms bare and heaving with the chase—
Perchance Diana sweeps across the glade
Flecked with the shadows of o'er passing clouds
And frights the nymphs untimely from their sport.

Sweet fancies of a prehistoric age
Thus, thus, you lead me on. Or, look again
Behold the Argo on a summer sea
Fair Jason, at the helm, and by his side
Medea the beautiful (though fearful she,
When in her slighted love she did a deed
Which made all Argos tremble and grow pale)
Look on the twain. O, see how firm he stands
Shaping the course of his far-famed bark—
While long each bench, the rowers ply the oars,
In silence through the sad still summer's night,
Or sometimes raise a chant half weirdly wild,
Half soft and low, extolling with one voice
The deeds of all the Greeks and Jason's first;
While the pale moon sheds down her shimmering
beams
Upon the sleeping sea and softly bathes
The Argo and her wake in silver light.
In thought, I wander through Diana's glades
In fancy's bark sail on the selfsame seas.

ENTANGLED

I.

WEET MAIDEN, when on thee I first
did gaze,
Some subtle light from out thine azure
eyes

Made my poor heart a whirling, giddy maze,
And filled me with a sweet enthralled surprise.

II.

And when, dear heart, at last I better knew
Thy native charm, so rich in sympathy,
The bonds of Cupid tighter round me drew
And left me naught to do but worship thee.

III.

Oh, would my life had such a beauteous guide
As thee, to lead me through its giddy whirl;
I'd laugh at Fate, if thou were by my side,
And bless thee every hour, my darling girl.

1900.

ELIZABETH



INE years ago tonight! Think what it means,
The number of the Muses and thy moods!
And for those moods I loved thee; diverse
they

As rippling winds that blow across a lake.
Deep, but how deep, no man as yet can know,
For none can sound the depths of woman's soul
Save he who takes her for his own, and then,—
Oft gazing on those lucent depths, perchance
Can find but mirrored semblance of his own.
But he who shall have thee,—and he will come,
Shall find a radiant jewel in that pool
Catching the light from Heaven, not from him,
And giving back that light a thousandfold.

Nine years ago tonight! Oh, we were young!
And glad with gladness such as lovers know,
Yet though the years have flown, the honeyed scent
Of that fair time when only roses grew
In our life's garden still remains and clings,
A subtle perfume to these after years,
Elizabeth, dear girl, my hope is this,
That redder roses hedge thy garden's paths,
And blooming ever stronger fill thy life
With fragrance sweeter than aught thou hast known.

Xmas Eve
1904

COUPLETS

I.



YANKEE père,
A millionaire,
His daughter.

II.

Estates decayed,
A duke dismayed,
He sought her.

III.

A maid so wise
As to despise
His clutches.

IV.

A total rout,
A Duke without
A Duchess.

1888

TO AN OLD PONY "MIKE"

I.



OU'RE not a racing thoroughbred,
 You came before the day
That "ponies" fifteen hands or so
 Were quite the thing to play.

II.

You're docked tailed and just fourteen one
 And can't keep up the pace
With scratch-tailed Texas fliers
 That have just been taught to race.

III.

You've stiffened up a great bit, too,
 In all the years you've played,
You stand a little over on
 Your knees, I am afraid.

IV.

But when you buck across the bounds
 To get into the game,
And give a "wriggle" of delight
 To show you're "glad you came,"

V.

Well, then I feel content enough,
Whatever others say,
To have a pony twixt my knees,
That really *loves* to play.

VI.

And when you've limbered up a bit,
You scuttle like a rat,
And what is best of all, my friend,
You're handy as a cat.

VII.

You keep your eye upon the ball
And follow it, I swear,
More like a terrier than a horse
And you are always there.

VIII.

You never lean upon the bit,
Shy off and plunge hard, too,
Nor do the thousand other things
A pony mustn't do.

IX

And as for turning with the ball,
Well, you can do the trick,
I've often thought on slippery ground
You turn a bit too quick.

X.

And when the game is going wrong
And we're some goals behind,
I like to have you for my mount,
And see if we can find

XI.

A chance to make another goal
And if perchance we do,
And I, alas, should miss my shot,
The fault's with me—not you.

XII.

Here's luck, old friend, perhaps some day
You'll win another cup,
To some a "has been" you may seem,
I cannot give you up.

"Deercliff"
1904

HORACE, BOOK I, ODE V.

HAT dainty youth, bedewed with sweet
perfume,
Pyrrha, caresses thee, where roses bloom
Beneath thy pleasant bower?

For whom dost thou now bind thy golden hair
In neat simplicity and fashion rare,
To give thee witching power?

How often shall he, fool that he must be,
Wonder at changed fates, at troubled sea,
And weep thy broken faith?.

He who all precious thee does now enjoy;
Who deems thee fancy free, without alloy,—
Poor blinded, storm tossed wraith.

Wretched are those whom, knowing not thy wiles,
Thy beauty and simplicity beguiles,
To shipwreck make of each.

My dripping garments, hung in Neptune's shrine,
For my escape vowed to the god divine,
May they a lesson teach.

Yale
1896

"Dear dead women, with such hair, too,
What's become of all the gold
That used to hang and drape their bosoms?
I feel chilly and grown old."

A Toccata of Gallupi's

ROBERT BROWNING

HEN from the Lido the swift barcas glide
At even, and the ripple at their bows,
Chanting its vesper hymn sings low, then
loud,
Led by the fickle choir-master wind—
Then come these dear dead women back again
To listen to that haunting even song—
Lean 'gainst the reddened sails, unloose their hair,
And every sail seems burnished, till the fleet's
Dull canvas gleams as if o'erlaced with gold!

1912

WHEN I'VE BEEN NAUGHTY

With apologies to the author of "Real Rhymes for Real Children"



HEN I've been naughty, woe is me!
For mother lays me 'cross her knee;
Then bending 'neath her blue teagown,
Takes off the supple leather brown.
The slipper rises and then falls,
While I send up most awful bawls;
And mother says—which isn't true—
"This hurts *me* more than it hurts you."

1904

A FALSE ALARM

 A hell of a time we hada las' night.
Aunt Bella she give us one terrible fright.
We leapa right outa our nice warma bed,
Giovanni he getta da cold in da head.

Ricardo he sleepa so soft and so light,
Becausa his stomach he no worka right;
When, presto! he waka so quicka, so soon;
Aunt Bella she yella, "Dare's smoke on de moon!"

"I smella, young fella, da smoka all right,"
"I see her go puffa one terrible height."
We rusha outsida at hell of a pace,
Da moona have only da mist on da face!

Envoy

Aunt Bella, *please* sleepa tonightha so sound,
Aunt Bella's great fella, raise hella all 'round!

"Deercliff"
1906

THE TALE OF THE STAY-AT-HOMES

Canto I



LISTEN, my children, and you shall
hear
The tale of those who waited here,
Forsaken by all who went to see
Their affable neighbour, Hugh Legare.

Canto II

At early dawn (that's half past ten)
“Dudes” as mad as a big wet hen
From “Willimantic” stuck her head,
In *robe de nuit*, just out of bed.

Canto III

“Oh, Dick, come here; our dear Anita
Is miffed the way you always treat her;
So you must go, you ‘Lobsterine,’
To Suffield and its pastures green.”

Canto IV

“Nay, nay,” said Dick, “my raiment blue
Would never do to visit Hugh.
Besides, I have a *lame* excuse,
And for my horse a better use.”

Canto V

“Dudes” gave him then the *frapped* glance
And said, “You’ll pass in those old pants.
And you must do as *I*, you bet,
Your duty to the ‘County Set.’”

Canto VI

Persuasion only futile proved,
And Dick was by it nowise moved.
He felt he'd like, if it were meet,
On his own lands to rest his feet!

Canto VII

For, since these one-night-stands began,
Old "Deercliff" holds no rest for man.
A Hartford office and a bubble
Would save Dick lots of time and trouble.

Canto VIII

On one's own lands to rest, you know,
Is not considered *comme il faut*,
To sleep at home is *de rigueur*
But nothing else *tant pis, tant mieux*.

Canto IX

But surely this time Dick did Nita
A favor, and did rightly treat her,
For she admits that in a trolley
The trip to Suffield seemed but folly.

Canto X

And if we o'er the country race,
Old "Radnor" can't keep up the pace.
Though sense and dollars it would jar,
We'll *have* to buy a motor car.

"Deercliff"
1904



AUTUMN AT DUSK



THE tang of coming winter in the air,
The smell of brush fires as we gallop by,
The bark of dogs, chain free to guard the
night,
And then to know there's only you and I.

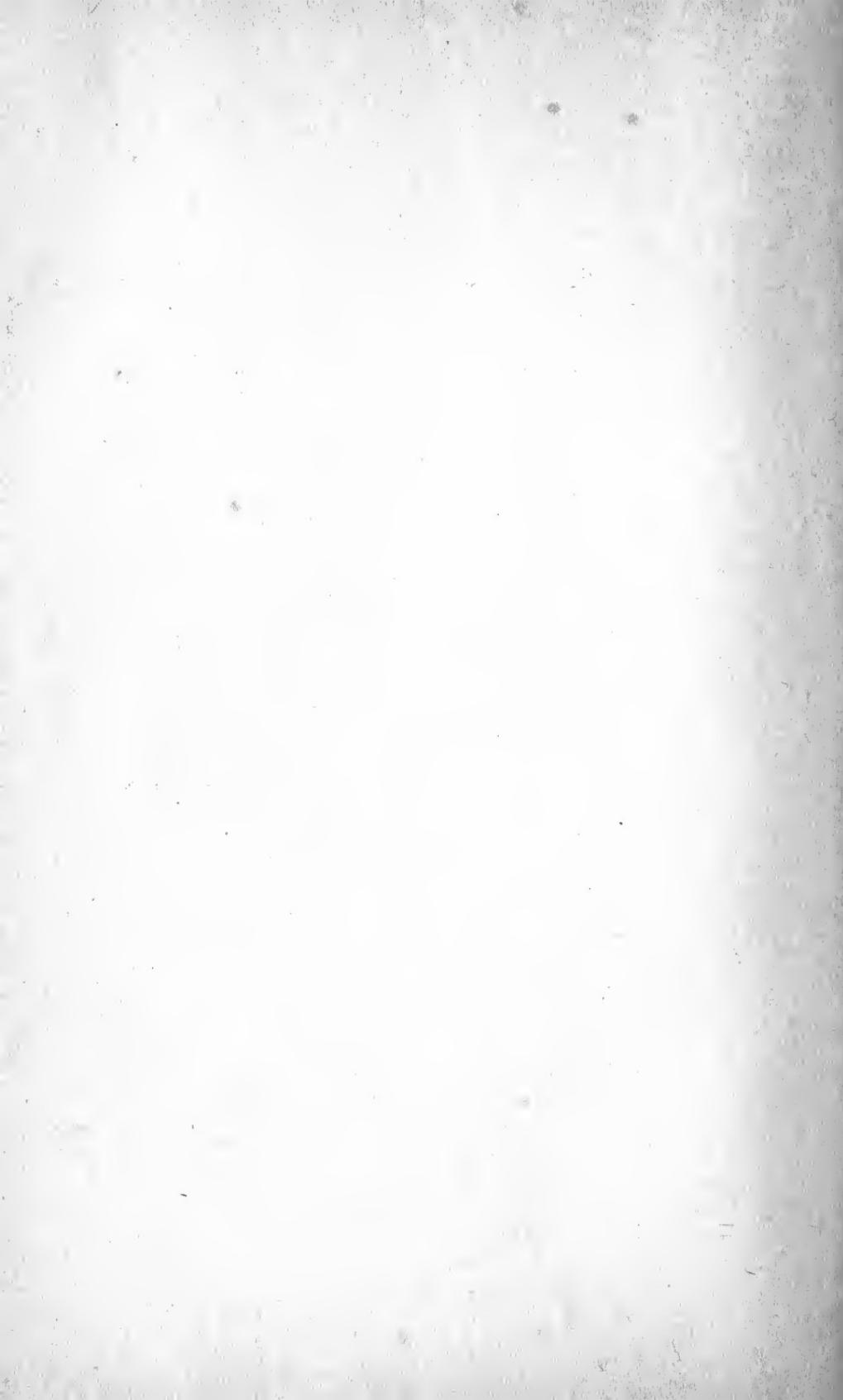
The corn shocks stooping cloaked with purple light,
Like monks that tell their beads beneath the sky,
The children laughing on their way from school,
And still to know there's only you and I.

Within the curtained windows shine the lamps,
As past each moon-kissed farmhouse, on we fly,
Our gallop's done, we've found the end at last,
It's only home, and only you and I!

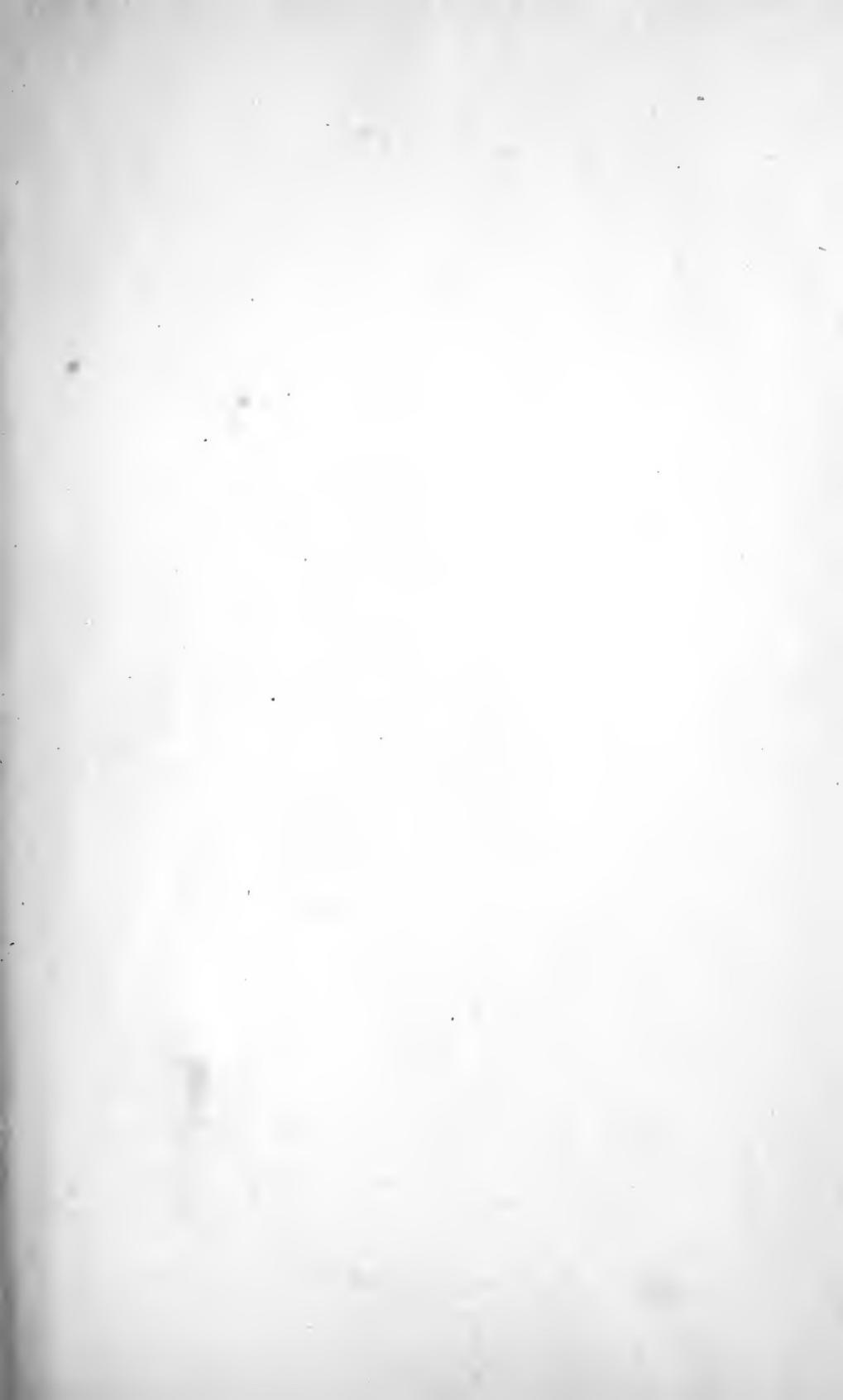
“Deercliff”
1911

*The following pages have
been left blank, so that in
case any other verses are
found, they may be pre-
served with this collection.*













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